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INFORMATION NECESSARY TO DEVELOPMENT.

PRIZE ESSAY,

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THE world and ourselves are full of latencies, unexpressed activities, unexercised energies, to evoke which is one great object of man's life on the earth. To aid and correct him in this is the aim of Science and the Arts. In this lies their utility. Man employs the crucible of the chemist to call into action latent but powerful affinities, the machinery of the engine to unlock and develop the enormous power which lies unnoticed and unseen in the black and glistening coal, and the laboratory of the brain to evoke his own dormant energies of thought and feeling. It is the aim of education to tell him of these energies and teach him how to develop them. Since, then, we fulfil the end of our creation and existence according as we perform this work of development, it will, of course, be of the utmost importance for us to gain a definite conception of the work itself, and find out whether there be not some underlying principle, or universal and necessary condition of its exercise which may serve as a key to the whole subject.

It shall be our endeavor to exhibit to our readers that view

of the matter which has seemed most reasonable to our own mind, and to prove the general proposition, that information is necessary to development, and that this is true everywhere, whether in the domain of Physics or Metaphysics, of Intellect, Morals, or the Spiritual nature, of Fact or Fancy. And to this end we will draw our proof mainly from a contemplation of the conceptions involved in the very terms of the proposition itself.

For the very words of a language are often wonderfully precious treasure-houses of truth. Language, in its earlier stages at least, was a perfectly natural growth from imaginative minds. Hence we find that words are truly *pictures* of things and thoughts. Since they are a natural growth, we will find that the images contained in them are natural, clear and distinct in their outlines, and often beautiful. They are not blurred and deceitful, as the daubs of more modern sophistry. As the imaginative age passes away, and one of strictly practical logic comes on, these pictures, before so free and life-like, stiffen out into mere formulæ of thought or market-brands of things. But it is quite a consolation that, after all, the pictures are preserved, petrified it may be, but by that very means the better preserved, as they pass along like current coin through this age of hard practicality; covered with dust to be sure, defaced and besmeared by long familiarity with the vile hands of the unappreciating "*profanum vulgus*;" yet they are *preserved* and may again be softened and brightened into a rejuvenated life by some imaginative mind which calls to its aid the original etymology of the word. Now the rejuvenated images being the honest expression of truth as it wrought in the minds of the unsophistical authors of words, may help us wonderfully in ferreting out the true philosophy of a phrase, sentence or a principle, before obscure.

Therefore, in order that we may be able to reach more closely to the heart of our subject, let us examine the two principal terms of our main proposition in the light of their etymological composition and original signification.

"Information" is obviously composed of the two words, "in" denoting "within," and the verb "to form," thus giving for its literal meaning—to form something within something—that process of formation or combination which goes on within any given thing, whereby elements, which before existed there either totally unformed, or, at least, differently formed, are combined into a new form in which the several parts bear some material relation to each other and to the whole; (for that is not a form or formation which is a mere heterogeneous or homogeneous mass. Our idea of form is a combination of relative proportions. In the primitive chaos "The earth was without form and void.")

It will be observed that we have made our definition of the term "information" as general as possible. Not general in the commonly received sense of that word—vague and indeterminate—but in the sense of *generic*—grasping all the species conceivable. That the definition is true and applicable to all the species of information we hope to make clear in the course of our argument. But it may be apropos here, in considering the original signification of the term, to give one of the specific senses in which the Latins often used it. "Informatio" with them denoted—"an idea—a conception—an image—a sketch or representation"—that is, something which a man forms within the vail of his own mind from material already there unformed.

The other term, "development," is composed of the preposition "de" signifying a *deprivation*, and "velum," a *vail*. The meaning, then, is simple and beautiful—to *unvail* something. In nature, for instance, it is the *unveiling* of that which has been *formed within* a vail. Now, from the very nature of things it is evident, that nothing can be unveiled, where there has not been some formation within to be unveiled. And it is none the less true, though not, perhaps, at first so obvious, that nothing can develop *itself* which has not first informed itself.

Having thus shown from the very nature of the case the *necessity* of information as a condition of development, the

argument is already complete and exhaustive; for it being an argument of necessity, from the very conditions given, it of necessity follows, that there can not possibly be any species of development whatsoever, without this condition. The sweeping proposition with which we started out has thus been rigidly and fully proved. It would, therefore, seem as if our task was already performed. But since we have thus far treated the subject in the most generic manner and in its widest generality, perhaps it may conduce both to our interest in the subject, and to a clearer and better understanding of the proposition in its fullest extent, to consider it in its application to the various *species* of development. For, as has been before intimated, we can have but very vague notions of the genera, before we become acquainted with the species of which they are composed.

I. The first general class of developments, which we will consider, is of those which take place in the domain of Physics.

1st. In the Mineral kingdom we know of nothing which can properly be called a development. The growth of a crystal is a mere accretion, an *envelopment* of a nucleus, not a development from a germ. This indeed forms one of the most important distinctions between the animate and inanimate creation.

2nd. In the Vegetable kingdom, on the other hand, we find innumerable and beautiful verifications of our proposition. Unless the seedlet forms within its little "velum" some new creation from the old material, it can never develop itself into its higher existence—the plant. And even after it has cast off the vails of seed and soil, it is only by a constant re-formation within its little cells of the nutriment received, that the tender plantlet becomes a giant oak, whose swaying branches, far aloft, breathe forth the majesty of a life fully and freely developed. The great law is imperious. Thus, and only thus, can flower and fruit, tendril and thorn, root, branch, and leaf come into being.

3d. In the Animal kingdom, the little embryonic corpuscle must first begin to form within its delicate vail or sack the rudiments of the future ζῷον, before it can break through that

vail into a more fully developed existence. And even after this, each little cell of the new creation must constantly assimilate and form within itself the elements which are to develop (both as to form and function) the particular *organ* to which that cell belongs. Each organ, likewise, in its turn, must do the same for the whole body, that it may develop its own peculiar life and function. Thus are we brought to the curious, but undeniable conclusion that information is necessary even to the development of an egg into a full grown, full fledged *eagle*! The microscopic infusoria and the gigantic elephant, the senseless polyp, and the sentient man obey the same great law.

II. Stepping now from the region of Physics into that of Metaphysics, we will find that the same law exists after a fashion, not indeed the *same* as, but perfectly analogous to that in the Physical world. And, this too, whether we consider it in relation to our Intellectual, Moral, or Spiritual natures and powers.

1st, The *germs* of Intellectual development are the faculties of the mind—those mental capacities with which the dormant intellect of the child is endowed. But just as with the germs of the plant, so these also only develop by assimilating the nutriment proper to their nature, each combining and shaping it into the most appropriate forms. These remarks are equally applicable to either of the faculties of Cognition, Feeling, or Conation, in the development of conceptions, passions, or plans for action. From this view of the case we may learn two very important lessons in regard to the right development of our minds.

First, the mind *must have nutriment*. Without it there can be no information, simply because there is no material out of which to make a formation; and hence there can be no development. The proper nutriment of the mind is truth, facts; and these must be obtained by study and observation. The seed of the plant, the ovum of the animal, and the mind of man are on a common footing here. All must have their proper nutriment, and be content to obtain it the way provided by nature. How

absurd, how mad a folly then, for any one to reject study, facts, and statistics, as dry *stuff*; fit only for inferior minds to burrow in, whilst he trusts implicitly in what he calls his *genius*! As though after all, genius were anything more than a susceptible germ, which, if it would grow, must be fed. Such a man runs counter to one of the most universal and uncompromising laws not only of his own nature, but of *all* nature. He never can develop anything, because there is nothing formed in him to develop. Could such a one, for instance, ever become an orator? No! If, indeed, the force of circumstances *should* ever rupture the veil of his obscurity, no true eloquence could be elicited. Such must inevitably be the fate of him who trusts for eloquence merely to his *genius*; for however great his natural powers may be, his life will be a failure for lack of the material out of which the orator and the man is to be formed.

But, *secondly*, mental nutriment alone is not sufficient for intellectual development. Filling the mind with facts is not information. It is only one necessary condition of it. There must be a vivifying principle in the germ which shall cause it to digest and assimilate that nutriment and form it into new and appropriate combinations. A man who has merely filled his mind with a mass of isolated facts on any subject, can not properly be said to be well informed on that subject. An intelligent, creative spirit, full of originality, must brood over the chaos, and elaborate these elements into classes, systems and theories. Everything must be thoroughly digested. A well informed man should work out the intricate problem which shall explain to him all the relations and bearings of the facts of which he has possession. There must be a process of incubation before anything new and valuable can be brought forth, and often the pains of labor must be endured. When the mind is thoroughly impregnated with some great idea, it works freely and energetically; rejects all unseemly, injurious, or inappropriate elements; vigorously grasps those which it needs; combines them into forms of strength and beauty; fills these new creations with a soul, a life, an energy. But the immortal

conception can no longer be kept hidden within the veil of the mind which has produced it and given it life, but, filled with the throbbings of a growing life, it struggles awhile to be free, and then, breaking through this veil, bursts upon the gaze of an admiring world. Thus has been developed every theory or system of Philosophy or Science, every great conception of the Poet or the Orator, every grand ideal of the Painter or the Sculptor. These must have formed and bodied themselves forth in all their charming beauty to their thrilled, enraptured authors long before they leap forth to take the dress of words, of paint and marble. As they appear to us, notwithstanding their exquisite grace and beauty, they are dim, blurred and faded in comparison with the marvelously distinct and glowing images which fill the mental eye of the artist himself. Oh! well may the common mind grieve in sadness, that though it can appreciate the beauty which is expressed, still can not see behind the veil, never can enjoy the delicious luxury of procreation. (Here may be seen the peculiar force of the Latin word "*informatio*" as given in an early stage of our discussion.) Not only are single thoughts and conceptions thus developed, but the whole mind, after the informing influence of a long course of education, becomes more and more perfectly developed.

2nd. Our Moral natures are developed in much the same way as our intellectual. The germs here are our moral faculties. The great standard truths and the principles of right are the nutriment. If we would be upright men, there must be a moral information, an incubation of these truths within the conscience. The conscience must be enlightened by true principles, and then by assimilation of them must become fully imbued with them. Thus will it be formed according to them; only thus can our hearts and lives become conformed to the law of right. If on the other hand we allow our consciences to be nourished with evil principles, our moral information, and consequently our moral development will be evil. The little grain of evil which was seen in childhood, becomes enormously increased in manhood and old age. Evil has then become a sort

of second nature to us. From the very nature of the case, then, there is *always* danger in admitting evil in the heart.

3rd. The same remarks are applicable to our Spiritual natures. The Christian informs himself in the principles of *holiness* by receiving them, believing in them, and allowing them to fully imbue his spirit, to change his whole being, and to work in him the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." He may have to struggle long and hard with sin and sorrow, but when his soul shall have come to the full stature of the perfect man, it shall, it must break through this vail of the flesh and be developed into the new and higher life of perfect holiness and joy. We here are but forming our natures for that future state of development.

If, on the other hand, our information be of *sin*, this law of our nature will have its inevitable course, and we *must* enter on that existence of fully developed sin and misery for which we have been forming ourselves.

For ages had the Church of the Living God been forming itself "within the vail"³ according to the Law, which as a school-master was leading her *unto* Christ; but in the terrible travail of his death, the vail was rent, the Church was *developed* into a new existence, a new dispensation, even into "the glorious liberty of children."

These thoughts are suggestive, rather than explicit and complete. We have here only given general formulæ which the reader may himself apply, we hope with interest and profit, to the innumerable wonderful latencies all around and within him. For instance, they may be applied to explain the puzzling phenomena which exhibit themselves in the history of the governments. Great principles and systems of polity are not things of a sudden, mushroom growth. Their *birth* may indeed be sudden and startling, but long before this they have been forming *in embryo*, even though it be in silence and covered by the vail of secresy. There are crises, epochs of development in History, when the crusts of peculiar casts of thought and action, of laws and dogmas, which have been formed, thickened

and hardened on the surface of society, are broken up by forces long at work beneath. Society then takes a new mould, which in its turn is likewise to be broken up. Thus have the fundamental principles of human liberty gone on developing step by step. It took ages for the great principles of the Declaration of Independence to incubate and develop. Magna Charta and Reformations were but stages of its embryonic existence.

We are living in stirring times. Important developments are constantly being made, and others still are in process of formation. Some great principle or system is doubtless struggling for birth, though we may not know what it is. Let us then, even though in darkness, hope and have confidence that when the veil of the future shall have been broken through, our poor humanity will be ushered into a still more glorious light.

A FRAGMENT.

FAR before them in the future,
Plodding pilgrims may not gaze ;
While behind them ghostly phantoms,
Grove amid the dusky maze !
'Tis the Present—glowing Present,
Which defines our various ways.
If thy star of Hope beams brightly—
Points thy faith-bound compass true—
If thy foot is bounding lightly,
Wisdom's pathway to pursue,
"Fear not"—but "rejoice forever,"
Harps of gold are tuned for you!
Glowing bright in golden shimmer,
View the precious Cross-bought Crown !
Angel wings but make it dimmer,
And they cannot bring it down !
Onward ! for the darkest shadow,
In thy pathway, is *thy own* !

NOEL BRAAB.

IDEAL ORATORY, ETHICAL.

"Truth is the substance and principle of all true eloquence—truth clear'y perceived, deeply felt, and distinctly expressed."—PROF. SHEDD.

THOSE who have carefully analyzed the states or conditions of mind about which Oratory is concerned have, as is well known, established and defined them according to certain incontrovertible laws—incontrovertible because founded on first truths of Consciousness. This is their simple proposition,—couched in the inexpressive terms of the schools. Conviction, Excitation, and Persuasion are the three states which it is the Orator's aim to induce upon the minds of his audience. In other words, (1.) a state of knowing, (2.) a state of feeling, and (3.) a state of willing. This, extended, developed, and detailed is the great datum for all the systems of Oratory. To show you how reasonable all this is they picture to your imagination a waiting assembly gathered upon some august and critical occasion to hear the words of the master-mind. They say that the first duty of the orator, after ascending the *Bema*, is plainly to unfold his subject, to announce to his auditory what his purposes or aims are in rising, assuming, of course, that he is introducing the theme for the first time to their consideration, or that they have formed some prejudiced opinion with reference to it. It is manifestly his next duty to endeavor to convince them of the truth of what he is saying, showing them how reasonable and how profitable it is; to undermine old prejudices; in short to induce them to form a new judgment upon it, or come entirely to his way of thinking. So far, so good. The truth is lodged in the understandings of the audience; they are convinced of its reasonableness. And now the Orator's duty is to appeal to those emotions which are slowly, yet perceptibly and strongly beginning to sway the vast assembly.—One more sentence, or perhaps only one more grand word and the whole business is finished. The crowd below are persuaded not of the Orator's eloquence but of the importance of his theme. It has penetrated and filled their souls. And now the voice of that vast multitude ascends like the voice of one

man: and the cry is, *Let us march against Philip; let us fight for our liberties.* And there stands that solitary man, as poor, as weak, as helpless as the rest. His voice scarce louder than any in the throng. Aye, but that same voice has awakened a tumult of strong passions and purposes which can make the great world move faster. And now has this all been attained by following out faithfully, logically, the prescriptions of the teacher? If so, why can't we all become great Orators? We can surely learn and unlearn, write and rewrite, and have all the rules at our finger's ends. A great, deep voice once said: "Labor and learning may toil after it, but they will toil in vain." And it spoke truly too; for the first great law of Oratory is that the man should look calmly on the truth that has entered his soul, and humbly, reverently, earnestly say, *I believe—I have felt.* Shakspeare put grand rhetoric, grand words into Mark Anthony's mouth as he stood over Cæsar's dead body; and yet if Shakspeare had been called upon to give an account of the logic that was in him, he would most likely have remained dumb. Or if Shakspeare had undertaken to write a book on Rhetoric, it would most probably have been a very poor concern. Here, then, lies the truth. Rhetoricians give *results*; they cannot *furnish the causes*; and as all eloquence flows in materially the same channel—and that is the channel of Earnestness—their task is comparatively an easy one. Patient observation of individual instances, analysis, comparison, coincidences marked; and the result is—a comprehensive, a complete, a perfect Generalization. But the system they have worked out and set up in all its clock-work exactness is at best only—a speculation. Its only practical worth is that it gratifies our scientific curiosity, and affords a standard whereby to measure defects and excellencies. It cannot, we re-assert it, *furnish the causes.* And hence, if we aim to be great Orators—eloquent thinkers or speakers—we must study ourselves more than our Rhetorics—we must bring ourselves under the power of an ever deepening earnestness, which will trace out so clearly, so grandly, the awful majesty of Faith

and Truth, and Duty, that we can give ourselves no rest until we have led others up to our own plane of knowledge, faith and feeling. We cannot expect if we lie all the while inactive, that the momentous occasion will bring with it the clear conception, and the overmastering passion. No! by the steady purpose, by the unremitting endeavor, we must seek to have the heavenly music—the music of Love—for this is the centre around which the truest and highest eloquence gathers—implanted within us; and then, like the fabled statue of Memnon, although it may at times lie dormant in the veil of night which sense must often gather over the best and purest souls, when the great occasion comes, when the brightening light of truth breaks in, it will utter its responsive notes.

Great crises when they permeate the soul dispel all mask and artifice; strip off the straight-laced jacket of the schools, and the man stands out in all the glory of his manhood—free and radiant in the light of the truth. What *is* true, what he *feels* to be true, he can't help persuading others of. In speaking thus we are speaking of, we mean, crises in the man's consciousness—and by virtue of their being such—we say that the work of Eloquence is accomplished—they are made crises in the consciousness of others.

If Lot had given only an intellectual assent to the words of the Angel—think you he would have turned his back upon the cities of the plain? If Demosthenes had thought the proud Macedonian would have rested his arms on the borders of Attica, if while walking in the Agora, he had heard and forgotten, as a passing piece of news that Philip was invading their territory and laying waste their fields and firesides—think you, that he would have stood up before the people, and have spoken as he did speak? Think you that when he spoke, he pondered long over careful prescriptions, and carved each nicely finished sentence with the neat instruments he had brought from the Schools? Doubtless he drew from the kindred stores of his intellect but they yielded their treasures only to the magic touch of Passion.

We do not mean to underrate the value of synthetic, inductive, Rhetorical study. It has its station such as we have before assigned to it. It haughtily steps out of its appropriate sphere and usurps prerogatives with which it never can be invested, when it promises to enable us to re-produce the results, it furnishes.

The fountain of Ideal Oratory—of Eloquence, we repeat it, lies beside the fountain of feeling. Its waters mingle with the pure bright current which wells from thoughts of glory and of joy, with the tears that flow from suffering souls, with the sweat of all minor agonies up to the "Agony of bloody sweat." D.

MY COUNTRY'S BANNER.

FAIR flag of my country! wave on in thy glory!
 Unfurled to the free air of Heaven, wave on!
 The mighty old nations, time-dusted and hoary,
 Admire thee—the star-crown of Liberty's dawn!
 Wave on in thy beauty o'er Tyranny's grave,
 The Ægis of freedom, the hope of the brave!
 And still as thy stars and thy stripes are unfurled,
 Speak union, and safety, and peace to the world!
 Proclaim to the foes of our dear native land,
 That Columbia's children unitedly stand—
 That we love one another!

Dear flag of my country! well honoured in story;
 Fair emblem of treasures bequeathed to our trust!
 Shall a star or a stripe of thy sanctified glory,
 Be darkled, dishonoured, or trailed in the dust?
 Forbid it, my Father! while sons love their sires!
 While mothers are sacred!—till Freedom expires!
 Forbid it, till children shall barter the blood
 Of parents, once shed for their permanent good!
 Till then, to the olive branch may we affix
 The veteran banner of "seventy-six"—
 For we love one another!

Wave on, blessed banner! thou bright constellation!
 O'er tomb and o'er temple, o'er hamlet and sea!
 Thou Bethlehem star o'er the birth of a nation—
 Wave on! o'er the hearts that beat proudly for thee!
 Through storm and thro' tempest for ever wave on!
 Thy stars will gleam bright-er if sunlight be gone!
 America's sons and her daughters will rise,
 United to guard thee till Liberty dies!
 Thy stars cannot set, save in death's gory bed!
 Nor thy stripes be erased till they mantle our dead—

For we love one another!

X. E. P.

COLLEGE CRITICS.

THE old maxim, "*γνώθι σεαυτόν*," contains a world of meaning, and the man who endeavors to follow its dictate cannot fail to be improved. The present age, however, being a very progressive one, has discarded it to a great degree and substituted for it, "*γνώθι*, every body and every thing save yourself." The Bible teaches that the heart of man is evil, that he is prone to do evil deeds and not good. Experience also shows us that men differ in the degree to which they err. This being so, it is but natural, that the better class of men should seek to improve the morals of those who are more wicked. For this purpose the class who hold up to us our moral delinquencies arose. For the same reason, we have a need of censors in the literary world, and we have them in the critics. This class is comparatively a modern production, and possesses in a marked degree the characteristics of the age in which it was developed. The rapidity of its growth can only be accounted for by remembering the time in which it grew. Mankind, now-a-days, are born in a hurry, live in a hurry, and die in the same haste. The three score and ten years now given to man are filled with the work with which a son of the prophets would have occupied his hundreds; hence

we ought not to be surprised, when we see the proportions of yesterday's suckling. Developing so rapidly, wanting the time in which to perfect all its results, some of them necessarily remained unfinished and faulty, one of which we have chosen as our theme. College critics are the natural outgrowth, or rather, are imitations on a small scale, of the critics found in the world at large. The material which occupied their pens, increasing in a proportion only equalled by its worthlessness, became too great in bulk for them. They were unable to prune and pare as they were wont to do in days past, hence they were either compelled to turn forth their work half done, or receive into their number those who were unqualified. The latter plan was adopted, and the world rejoices in the possession of innumerable broods of half-fledged critics. No community is unsupplied. In the humblest hamlet on the hill-side, in the mighty city, in the wayside school-house, as well as in a College, they have their dwelling place, and we are not an exception who dwell in Nassau Hall. Pardon us, reader, we do not mean you, although we know you will say whilst reading this, what a fizzle! You are not the individual, but we do mean your acquaintance, the one who has that very pleasant habit of reviewing everything he hears or reads; who subjects it to the test which his own brain has invented for all things, and then pronounces to you his judgment concerning its chances for immortality. To such an one we can say, "Thou art the man." But we do not wish to be misunderstood. We do not condemn the practice of analysing carefully what is heard or read, the endeavor to master it, by comparing your analysis with that of your friend, and discussing it with him. Such exercises can not fail to benefit, and that not only by increasing your amount of knowledge but also your humility. There are two classes of critics found in our midst. The first and, we are glad to say it, the larger one pursue the course we have mentioned. The second are their opposites. They form their opinions without knowing anything about the subjects that come before them and think by dint of strong lungs to win credence to their decisions. It is against

this latter class we cry out. Why such a class should spring up in a place such as this, one most of all suited to teach a man that he was born ignorant and must die almost as he was born, we cannot conceive. "Life is short and art is long," is taught us in the beginning of our course of study, and yet we all practically deny it, and these gentlemen more than their neighbors, for, we hear men in our midst, over whose heads not more than a score of summers have passed, gravely pronouncing judgment on what has been the work of perhaps more years than they can count, and in very refined language call it a "bore" or a fizzle. The history of every man who has excelled his fellows in the world of letters is a proof that true knowledge and humility go hand in hand. Where, then, shall we place this class of critics? They lack what is necessarily an inherent part of the nature of every true scholar, and can not be classed with them. They want all that is requisite to perform the duties they profess the ability to perform, showing quite conclusively that their ignorance and impudence are in direct ratio, therefore we must place them in the same class to which belonged the animal that robbed himself in a lion's skin, viz: that of the impostors. There is something peculiar about this class. Though they loudly condemn anything which fails to please their delicate palates and can show you wherein Shakspeare might be improved, and Milton made better, can point you to innumerable contradictions in the theory on the power of contrary choice, or can hint how they could prove quite clearly all the theory of light, although they are perfectly "*au fait*" in all that is necessary to render an article just the thing, their modesty forbids them writing anything by which other mortals less gifted might be guided. Their brains may be stored with noble thoughts, with ideas, which, if they were placed in tangible form by means of the type-stick, might revolutionize the literary world, yet we never reap any benefit from them. It is said that the best poetry is unwritten, that in his hours of solitude man sometimes dreams poetry sweeter by far than any which ever bard yet sang. Who, then, can tell of the hidden wells of knowledge

which perpetually make bright and happy the lives of these men, enabling them to feel how vast a chasm separates them from the common herd of minds. They do not seek to mortify their acquaintances by parading their superior powers, and thus show by the comparison how vast the difference between them. Not so, they would rather sacrifice their own success, content to be ranked with those acquaintances, and thus save them from the feeling of despair which must follow such a comparison.—How laudable the motive! When we see now much envy, how many sneers, how much ill-feeling, is prevented, we cannot but add our approval to the course of such men. Come to us in what shape it will, there never has lived a man whose pulse has not quickened at the thought that he can acquire fame among his fellows. What, then, shall we say of these men who deny themselves this much prized fame from motives so noble?—They are also generous. Do they not, though refusing to dazzle our understandings with the luminous emanations of their own minds, endeavor to improve us by showing us wherein we err, by *kindly* pointing out to us all our shortcomings? With what rare delicacy they do this! Were they men of common mould, men on whom the divine gift of genius did not rest, how different would be their manner. In what gentle words they clothe their criticisms! Were they common men, we would hear such phrases as “fizzle,” “confounded bore,” “stupid ass,” &c. Did you ever hear them use such words? What matters it how many hours have been spent in hard study, preparing an article which the writer deeply feels, after all his labor, is unworthy? He is a man of ordinary mental calibre, and cannot pierce the hidden recesses of his subject and draw forth all its teachings, but let these, his courteous critics, give it a hasty glance, and the whole is laid bare to them. Quick to perceive, keen to detect where the object of their search is hidden, as steady in its pursuit as the sleuth-hound, they hold up his best thoughts and with their sharp eyes so torture them, that what before seemed to him a compact train of reasoning, nicely jointed, now displays crannies enough that one might make it a

riddle through which to sift small dogs. But a friend has maliciously insinuated, (he must be steeped in malice or he would not malign so basely such men,) that the reason why they do not write is because they lack the ability, or, as he rather strongly expresses it, the brains; we are compelled, however, to admit, desiring to be candid, that he has one argument in his favor, and a rather strong one, he founds his assertion on fact. These men have never written anything, and an evil-minded person might misconstrue this fact, but we trust that we have explained the reason so clearly that every one will understand and honor it. What! they not able to write, who are able to pronounce judgment on everything, be it justice or jews-harps, Greek dramas or gimlets, virtue or virgins, or anything that has been said, written, or done, from the time when Noah stepped out of the ark until now! But says the malicious individual, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." He said this with a sneer, and such a sneer, but we trust that you, reader, will forget such remarks, and remember the solution of the rather puzzling fact which we have given, so that when it may be your good fortune to hear the *hints* for improvement which these men thus kindly dispense, you will listen and *receive them at their true value.*

A LUMINOUS web is Humanity's Life,
With its shreds of love and its shreds of strife,
And the woof is of Destiny's gossamer thread,
Which Mystery spins from the film of the dead;
But the web is mingled in magical skill,
With the fibre of hearts from our Freedom of Will.

H.

Τὸ δῶρον.

MORE beautiful than the rising of the goddess from the full blown Lotus, to greet the lady of the Lake,* was the appearance of man, budding forth from the Universe, the fairest of creation's works—the deepest of creation's wonders. Who is this that now, for the first, comes forth from the womb of nature, to interrupt the reign of nature? There are two that claim him as their own. Says the Universe which gave him birth: The dust of which he is formed is the star-dust of the skies, and this he must refund to the little world which holds him now—itsself an atom of my wide domain; therefore he is mine. Not less surely, the other makes good its claim, and this is a world invisible, sentient, spiritual. In this, he as really lives as in the first, so that his conscious existence is dualistic,—a part of two worlds. Standing in the relation of antagonism, or at least, of mutual limitation, these two existences do still flow together in one life. Unity in duality is thus a fact consciously realized within man, defining his activities and limiting his possibilities. It is a fact pregnant with great results. From it, as a starting point, go forth Philosophy, Science and Theology; to it, they vainly seek to return. Above them all, it yet renders them a necessity. To this unity, Philosophy seeks to reduce the dualistic Universal-all, but it lies supremely above its highest generalizations. Theology postulates it as its basis, and merely aims by abstract forms to bring it within our comprehension. Science grasps phenomena, assigns them to a law, but can never get beyond the law. The problem of the Universe presents itself to man, who is a part of its material structure, above it, and yet a unit in his own existence; and he is unable to find the solution. His failures develop false philosophies and religions. In the trail of his efforts are Hindooism, the Mythologies of antiquity, the god-fire of the Persians, and the tree Igdrasil of the old Norseman.

* Wordsworth's Romance of the Water Lily.

Pantheism is a bolder stride towards this unity. To reach it, Fichte has made all things a mere extension of the ego; Schelling has "*positived*" an absolute ego, of which, all particular egos are manifestations, and through these, (just as the waves which though not the ocean, are yet evolved upon the ocean) the absolute ego evolves itself into consciousness; and Hegel has built up a "thought process," "the ongoings of which, develop God, the universe and man." From the same prolific root, come Hero-worship and Compensation—two sickly saplings beside a mighty oak. All these prove that man, from the constitution of his being, is forced to seek, in all things else, that unity of which he himself is conscious, and that he never can attain it. But, must he wander forever in darkness, with this necessity imposed upon him of seeking that which he cannot reach? A simple key is here, which if man accept, he may take fast hold of the great problem, and rest content that he may not solve it. *The Universe can no more be interpreted without faith, than can God himself.* As if through pity of man's blindness, and to anticipate his wanderings, the first utterances of revelation are of the great Principle of Unity and of the genesis of all things from him. It tell us that from him and to him, in constant flux and reflux proceeds the great ocean of existence, upon whose bosom is thrown up the Universe with all its worlds. All things thus become unfoldings of a being whom we cannot understand, but whom as the only proper Origin, and Source, we may accept as the great Unity which we seek. Let us for a moment interrogate the Universe in the presence of this truth. Worlds pass before us. The scene is inexpressibly sublime. World follows world, system after system comes rushing along in interminable array. There is perfect order, there are nice adjustments and delicate compensations. Surely law is here, but there is here no idol to be clothed with attributes. Faith will not brook the deification of a law. A closer reading reveals the Universe as a grand reservoir and interpreter of truth. Analogies between it and what we know of truth, are so intimate and pervading, that the

one seems formed to express the other. Everything that presents itself to the senses, the simplest processes of nature, the elements of nature, the laws of matter, matter itself, the relation of these to life, are all vestments of truth. Not simply does the universe furnish analogies of truth, but it, as it were, gives form to truth. A truth itself, it both symbolizes and embodies it. We look at light; physically we can interpret it, but what calculus can measure the depths of its spiritual meaning? So of a thousand things in nature. The opening of buds, surging of tempests, and falling of leaves, are shadows of truths which we but too deeply feel. The waves which rise from the great ocean, dash upon the shore, and then return from whence they came, are symbols on a grander scale. The thoughts, passions, activities of man point to the highest of all truths. To express it, we were formed in the image of the Absolute Truth. Thus, through climateric types, we rise from death to life, from matter to spirit, from man to God. We have found the great principle of Unity, for the unfolding of whose attributes and perfections, worlds, suns, systems, galaxies, man, the universe were formed.

THE INDEPENDENT EVOLUTION OF LITERARY-LAW.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HISTORY.

"Sponte sua sine lege," externa.

LITERARY criticism is not exclusively fault-finding and flaw-picking. Nor is it the expression of capricious approval or dissent. To be valid it must be rational judgment given in accordance with the established principles of composition. Of course, judgment involves discrimination. But this is not all. For simple discrimination between several similar things can

only indicate the most perfect, no matter how far from perfection that may be. The contemplation of defects in even the least faulty of two or more objects gives rise to the conception of something of the same order, of which no deficiency can be predicated, and entirely free from blemishes. In aspirations to success, this conception becomes the pattern, or ideal, of a complete result. Then judgment is no longer mere discrimination, or inter-comparison—though this often is important—but becomes the ascertainment, on the one hand, of the product's correspondence with the chosen model; on the other, of its disagreement. Accordingly, in the province of Literature we find the before-mentioned established principles by which criticism must be guided. These are the canons of Literary Law. With them the accomplished critic must be thoroughly acquainted; more accurately, it is this knowledge which constitutes the critic. The author himself must be governed by these same rules. He may never have acquired them. They may be inborn. Nevertheless, their sway is none the less real because he is unconscious of it.

Literary law is law applied to Literature. The two aspects in which it presents itself have already been foreshadowed.—But it will be necessary to consider the subject more closely, and to observe a relation here existing.

Law contains a *standard*. It recognizes imperfection and error and degrees of error. But while thus recognizing, it opposes imperfection. It offers something better, and in virtue of this offer becomes a measure of excellence. Law is thus the embodiment of an ideal of perfection, either absolute or adapted to the endowments of man. This is well illustrated by the criminal code in force among men—re-enacted natural law. If what has been said has any foundation in truth, we may expect to find here a concreted conception of a moral man, and pattern citizen. Theft, murder, adultery, and other crimes are forbidden. A priori, then, the character of the conforming man may be sketched thus:—he is no thief, no murderer, no adulterer, no incendiary, and so on to the exclusion of all things prohib-

ited. To say that this is a mere negative portrait does not invalidate the argument. For he is not a Jew who is one outwardly. True conformity is not external observance solely, but has regard to the spirit. It is unity with the pervading animus, which in this case is love to man. The conclusion, then, is that the best, or most lawful man will be he in whom the ideal is most exactly realized; he in whom love holds unquestioned rule. A conclusion amply verified by observation.—The same principle of the standard can be exhibited elsewhere. It appears in the law of holiness, as well as in that of morals. "Sin," said the Westminster divines, "is any want of conformity, etc.," that is, any variation from, or falling short of, an instituted standard.

Again, law is *precept*. It not only holds out an example, or embodied model, but urges to conformity. This it does by rewards and punishments. In the moral domain, obedience results in happiness; disobedience in misery. In the æsthetic province, compliance draws after it success and its long train of benefits; disregard brings mortifying failure and corresponding loss. The point to be noted is that this urging and incitement is of the most availing kind. Law, as an instructor, does not content itself with abstractly enjoining attainment or approximation to perfection. It is not "Do," but, "Do, in this manner, or in that." The statutes, before referred to, while portraying the ideal of an upright citizen, point out the means of reaching it. According to the letter the teaching is, Steal not, kill not, deceive not, etc., (i. e. refrain from all injury of others,) and you will realize the character. According to the spirit, it is, Cherish brotherly love, and you will be in unison with the inspiration of the commandments. That law is acknowledged as precept as well as standard, in other departments of its application, may be seen. "Sin is any want of *conformity* unto or *transgression* of the law of God." It is disobedience of the precept as well as consequent variation from the standard.

Some law is absolute. It is entirely independent of the con-

struction and conclusions of the mind. Of this, nothing can be said. It can never be known prior to experience, or without revelation. Much, however, is still left; and to this will apply a principle of some significance, approved by the foregoing considerations. The mind conceiving and grasping the ideal, or vitalizing animus, can readily eliminate and reproduce the essential precept. This means simply that when we thoroughly and completely understand what is to be attained or done, reasoning can evolve the method, and point out the requirements for such attainment or performance. This does not involve the position that the mind can always pursue the indicated method with entire success, or fully meet the recognized requirements. A traveller may be directed into a path by many a one who neither does nor can endure its ruggednesses.

It is possible, then, for one having a true conception of the spirit and design of a standard, to clothe it in precept suggested by and deduced from that conception. If it is seen that love to man is the essential characteristic of the perfect citizen, and the mainspring in the performance of all his duties, no great exertion of intellect is needed to prove that no man loving his brother will ever rob him of property, reputation, or life. And when laws are framed, they do but prohibit things inconsistent or opposite to the standard. This principle of embodiment cannot here be argued more formally or at length. Its limitations cannot be more exactly defined than in the previous exception. It is the principle of those theologians and moral philosophers, as well as deists, who evolve the whole moral law and round of social duties from the natural sense of right and wrong. Here, it may be made the basis of an argument for independent and individual thought.

As elsewhere, so in Literature, law combines standard and precept. The history of its dicta discloses the working of the above mentioned principle. The first productions were not governed by formal and a priori law. They were constructed under an influencing and innate regulative perception of propriety, beauty, and utility. From these firstlings of Literature

men abstracted and elaborated the principles which should be regarded by future writers. That is, they formed an ideal—not an arbitrary one, but in accordance with the structure of the mind—which they incorporated in rules of composition.—Speaking of a celebrated oration of antiquity, a scholar remarks —“We may say that it (the peroration) is in every point according to the rules which rhetoricians give, or rather, that rhetoricians have drawn their rules from this master-piece of eloquence.”* In the same manner critical statutes have been instituted in every department of Literature. The usefulness—necessity—of these has been observed. The only difference between the careful perusal and the non-appropriative *bolting* of a work is, that on the one side there is a cautious and continuous exercise of judgment, which is wanting on the other.—As has been seen, judgment requires a standard, and this is found in law.

Owing to the nature of the case, attention to the requirements of historical writing is particularly necessary to profit from that kind of reading. Every one has vague and undefined notions of his own respecting this subject. What is urged is that every reader of History should develop for himself these crude ideas, and shape them into a distinct standard for habitual use. These principles of historical composition are indeed laid down in works upon that topic. Yet if each one will independently evolve, so far as he can, their leading features—which evidently can not be very abstruse—his self-gained knowledge thereof, being a considerable item of his culture, will undoubtedly be of a more available nature and firmer texture than if he had merely transferred to his memory from the pages of some author-critic. So that in this direction is a large field for original, and hence beneficial thought. To show upon what principle practical results are here attainable, has been the aim of the preceding line of remark.

The exemplification of this *kleine Theorie*, or its application to the designated branch demands a complete definition of

*Negris, Aesch and Dem.

History, not verbal only, but material. What, then, is History in its customary sense? Evidently a narrative of past events, national biography. But it is more. As the old and oft quoted observation has it, "History is philosophy, teaching by example." It is designed for instruction, and herein lies its practicality. To the curious, the records of other times might furnish ample entertainment; but statesmen and moralists could derive no advantage therefrom, were it not that History is the recorded part of human experience. And this experience is essentially one. What has been may again become. The conjuncture which in the past produced a certain effect will in the future, if uninterrupted, issue in the same. Life is a sea—one sea—and nations sail over its deeps and shallows. The restless waves have made some changes by their attrition, but the great reefs and rocks are still found where older voyagers have mapped them. Nevertheless, the former days were not as these, nor will the future be. Man himself is no stationary being. The metaphoric sea is still the same, presenting the same difficulties and dangers. Yet the rude boat has been succeeded by the trireme, and this in turn has given place to the stately ship. Government now is a much grander thing than it was three thousand years ago. The race has made progress, and hence History—to us a chart—is a log-book of the past. As History is narration of past events for the purpose of instruction, the historic ideal will be a work which instructs by an exact and faithful representation of former times. From the conditions thus given, can we not derive the main requirements of such a work? Can we not inquire for ourselves what will and what will not aid in attaining this model? These requirements will then become our law for judging, or rule for measuring, historical composition.

At the very outset, we are met by a difficulty, which shows the high character of the proposed model, and the impossibility of more than approximating it. The powers of the historian do not enable him to make a perfect delineation. Nor are his materials sufficient. While there is no remedy for the former,

he may do something for the latter evil, by a judicious use of what he has. Even here there is much of no value. There will be repetitions and different versions of the same fact. And all facts are not equally important. They are of all grades from highly instructive to comparatively worthless. It is seen that it will not be equally profitable to parade all alike. Again, there are others handed down which more or less openly bear upon their faces the want of implicit trustworthiness. Owing to these circumstances, the historian must sift events and adjudge their worth for his purpose. Here, then, is plainly one requisite—Proper Selection of facts.

Some occurrences have a wider influence and for a longer time than do others. There will then be an evident impropriety in bringing all into the foreground. In the representation, the arrangement must correspond with the actual state of the case, and must therefore have the proportions and perspective of reality, in so far as is possible. Every one's good sense immediately suggests a law of Relative Prominence:

"The evil that men do lives after them." Take away the bitterness of Mark Anthony's words, and they are true in another sense. It is so arranged that one event gives rise to another, and thus evil, and no less good, influences are indefinitely extended. One action springs from another, and this in turn may be prolific. History must recognize this relation of cause and effect. In this department cause is far more than simple antecedence. It is efficient and generative power.

Now there is among men a blindness, or perversity, often inducing them to accept as a cause what is merely a concomitant. In some combination of affairs, the actual motive element, the essential, is disregarded, and in its stead is assumed something accidentally present, though unnecessary. In looking over past matters, where time is not accurately noted, there is even danger of an entire transposition of cause and effect. Of this there have been remarkable examples. Such an interchange might produce a scene eminently suggestive and instructive. But it would not be a true transcript of the past, and therefore, when

proffered as a historical account must be rejected. True Connection is then a necessity.

Yet the historian's work is more than an earnest search for cause and effect. Were it not so, then were Clio indeed blind. If all things are fixed by a law of self-development—which might well succeed Fate that yielded not to Jupiter, and the identical Epicurean* order of nature, instituted by the gods when they withdrew from interest in human concerns—we may fold our arms, and call ourselves children of Destiny. There is a cause and there is a product. But there is a Causer of causes and a Shaper of events, intelligently guiding all things to a final issue. History must acknowledge this in its teachings and researches. The Recognition of Providential Government will shed light on many an otherwise darkened place.

God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways. We do not conceive of Him as using His knowledge and power solely to meet the daily occurring necessities of the universe. He is no petty governor whose powers are wholly absorbed in providing for present exigencies. With him the end is seen from the beginning, and all intermediate steps are planned.—The final one is the consummation of some grand design. Now, the human race holds a prominent position in this Divine government. And this constant supervision of Providence is directed and exerted in working out some purpose—a purpose accomplished by an effect upon man. So the Scriptures teach. Though this effect is radically a soul-change, it also manifests itself in the intellect. The aggregate result in a nation is development and improved civilization. It is true, there may be enlightenment and improvement without Christianity; but if it be solely intellectual, it has no conservative or life-giving element, and hence, lacking stability, cannot be called real progress. History must fairly state all facts bearing upon man's progress. And then the lesson must not be concealed or distorted. It will not do to account for differences, between christian and heathen races, in national power and intellectual growth, by exclusive

*See Hor. Odes L. I., 34.

reference to climatic influences, geographical location, or inborn indomitableness. Nor to say that advance in mechanical arts is due simply to the self-expansive power of mind. The moral from the past must not be a vague doctrine of human improvement and permanent civilization caused by the ascendancy of the Divine part of Humanity. Nor does it better the matter to talk indefinitely and mysteriously of the longings and aspirations of the Super-personal Heart, and the working of the Nameless Thought. These are just so many words with which those who dislike the true theory of progress endeavor to cover up their hatred of it, and inability to find a better. However it may be explained, it is certain that cultivated men are often averse to confessing that there is no true enlightenment but Christian enlightenment. History must not fail in this point. It must hold and expound true views of progress, or be condemned as a false teacher. The broad principle, of which this is a particular case, is readily perceived. History must be a prejudiced advocate of no opinion. None but the most candid and truth-seeking disposition must be indulged.

These are the chief requirements of historical writing, and by these may be tested the value of any work of that order. And do they not all legitimately flow from the definition? If the events detailed are totally unimportant, or improbable without contrary evidence; if they are all equally magnified, and as much attention given to a mere trifle, as to a momentous occurrence; if the sequence of events be interrupted or entirely lost; if obscurity be introduced by overlooking Providence; if facts be perverted, or false notions of progress, or biased views of anything, be allowed an influence; if one or all these things happen in any volume, by just so much will it be removed from the *ne plus ultra* of the standard.

STILL-LIFE.

I HEAR the weary people, in a changeless to-and-fro,
Move on and on, with endless chime,
In the restless tide below.

There is sorrow and pain in the footstep throb,
And the cadence of life swells on with the mob,—
The story of thrift and the story of crime,
As it surges on below.

Silent and calm each thin, pale star
Looks down in the cavernous night,
And lamps are glimmering faint and far;
And over the city a nebulous light,

Is born from the sea of the Living—
But the world may move on as it listeth,
And the vaporous stars in the night—
There's a cloud and a calm on my spirit,
In my soul there's a virginal light—
So the sounds may grow fainter and cease,
And the light glimmer on in the sky,
For mine is the vital of Peace,
And the stars are no calmer than I.

MIRABEAU.

It has become a trite saying, that great epochs in the world's civilization require and create great men—men who shall personify the spirit of the time,—shall exemplify the grand controlling idea. They act the part of the forge to the blacksmith. They fuse men to a red heat, which coming events shall mold and fashion into some higher form of civilization. Of this, Mirabeau and the French Revolution are pertinent examples. He was, at once, its author and orator, its guide and personification. His eloquence aroused it, his will alone could control it. Like Neptune rising and with one word calming the troubled seas, so his eloquence could quiet the billows of a fierce Revolution. Before the fervent heat of his words in the National

Assembly, priest and peer, Jacobin and Girondin, the boldness of Danton, the cold speculation of Robespierre, the eloquent enthusiasm of Vergniaud, became all kindled into one vast mass, his aim became their aim, his purpose their purpose. And whether he addressed them with the "lava floods of his fiery eloquence," or with the keen stabs of his cutting sarcasm, or with those words of pathos, "that softly fall like flakes of feathered snow," still, like the song of the Sicilian Syren, or the taste of the Egyptian Lotus, all else became forgotten but the man, and his sublimity.

His life and character were essentially antithetical. A wanderer and an outcast, the prime of his life spent as a beggar, disowned by his compeers, and despised by his inferiors, yet he became the man of the age—the author and guide of the French Revolution. To the immorality of a Borgia, he added the lofty moral eloquence of Burke, and the burning sentences of Fox, and became the orator of the tribune—the greatest of demagogues. Fired by his hatred against the nobility, who had disowned him, and the clergy, who had denounced him, he plunged into the contest and became a leader in the States-General.—The Pariah of Paris had become a Dictator in the Palais Royal. The fugitive and the vagabond on the face of the earth had become the chief of a Revolution—the boldest reformer of the age. He alone could serve at once the Court and the people, could advocate the loan of Necker, and promulgate a Declaration of Rights, could be at once the chosen arm of the daughter of Maria Theresa, and the chief defier of the authority of the king. Suspicion became blinded by his eloquence, so that his venality seemed like patriotism, his corruption like virtue. Men, things, and events became as clay in the hands of the potter, to be molded whichever way his fancy might direct. An atheist, he made Liberty his Allah, and Reason his Mohammed, and with Saracenic enthusiasm he contended for his creed.

But even his eloquence became silent, and his power became naught before the shaft of death, that still, small voice, which all can hear, and all must honour. "The vault of the heavens,

lighted with suspended worlds," was the temple in which his obsequies were performed. Nations themselves were the chief mourners. France, because those shoulders, which so long, Atlas-like, had alone sustained the settling sky of a fierce revolution, had now become but mere dust and ashes; America, for he was the grand foreign exponent of those ideas which she had embodied in her own divine form; Ireland, because she saw in him a prototype of her own great representative, Daniel O'Connell; Switzerland, for the land of Tell always mourns over the decease of any of Freedom's champions; Hungary, because his eloquence first touched that chord in her bosom, which has since vibrated so sweetly, yet vainly, beneath the master-hand of a Kossuth; and also Greece, as she looked forward to the day when another Codeus should spring up in the person of Marco Bozzaris, and when she should fight over again the battle fields of Platea and Salamis at Navarino and Missolonghi.

But while we tender these feeble tributes of our admiration for his eloquence and his labors in the cause of suffering humanity, the shining veil of these, his better attributes, is rent in twain, and all else within is but filth and corruption. Profligate as Nero! sensual as Heliogabalus! atheistical as any sceptic in his wildest vagaries! What an anomaly was this. Of him might it not be well said, as was said of that ornament and disgrace of modern literature, Francis Bacon, "a man, almost equal to the angels in talent, a mind of depth, a soul of genius, a brain prolific in great thoughts, but yet a spirit for which no act was too mean, no deed too contemptible." His dust now reposes in its mighty mausoleum. His soul has long since winged its flight to the God who gave it, and naught now remains of that great man, save his words of eloquence, and they like some column, vast and beautiful, the remains of a heathen temple in some ancient city, the hundred-gated Thebes, or perchance Palmyra, the Queen of the Desert, an index of the splendor and grandeur, the magnificent proportions and faultless outline of the edifice, indicating nothing of the horrid orgies and cruel

rites which too oft desecrated the interior,—so his words remain, freed from the profligacy of their author, freighted with living thought, clad in garments of purity—the mementoes of a great mind.

REBIL RETAP.

ORATORY AS A HARMONY.

WE are so constituted that there is a necessary correlation between our minds and the external world—between the ego and the non ego. There is a metaphysical world within us, so constituted as exactly to correspond to the physical world without us. When these two natures, so fitly attuned to each other, are brought into contact, this correspondence naturally gives rise to a mutual response or recognition—it strikes a note of harmony. This recognition may be of all degrees, from the feeblest consciousness to perception, apprehension, and full comprehension. To this harmony between the subjective and the objective are attributable all emotions, thoughts and feelings, and indeed all our actions of any kind. Without it our subjective nature would lie utterly dormant from our very infancy. It would ever be unconscious of external existences. It can not know that it is clothed with a body. In fact, it could not be sure that it does itself exist. Having no perception of objects without, we could never form a notion, conception, or a judgment. We would be as utterly insensible to what goes on around us as a post. There would be an especial lack of the emotional element in us. Notions and judgments may be formed of things viewed in the abstract, as mere existences. Such is our notion of the greatness, power, and holiness of God, viewed entirely independently of, and separate from every thing else. But it is only by considering things in their relations, and especially their relations to ourselves, that our inte-

rest and emotions are aroused. When I look on God's infinite power in a perfectly abstract way, merely that it exists, I have little or no feeling on the subject. When I view it in relation to and comparison with my own power I am overcome with wonder and awe. And when I regard that power as exerted in my behalf, I am filled with adoration and love. A statue considered as a mere existence—as so much extent of marble, gives us no pleasure. That feeling only arises when we notice the nice proportions and relations of the parts to each other, and of the whole to the thing represented, and then to our own minds.

Thus it is evident that without the correspondence, already mentioned, between our subjective nature and the objective world, our emotional nature would be entirely unexercised. The germs of the emotional faculties would remain forever undeveloped; for emotions are due to the recognition of the favorableness or unfavorableness of the relations of things. They seem to be thrills—the notes of harmony struck between the subjective and the objective. Thus the objects without furnish the *subjects* of mental action, and give tone and direction to that action. The subjective throws more light on the objective, and the objective in its turn materially modifies the subjective. Now, only the *truth* has the power of striking a note of harmony when it is presented to a normal mind. We were not constituted for sympathy with error. It is against our nature, and causes but a discordant response, if any. The only way in which error makes its way to our confidence is by taking on some similitude or admixture of truth; and then it is only to the appearance to the truth, after all, that our nature responds.

In accordance with these views, let us look at that most important of all the fine arts—Oratory. Oratory, as a system or science, is a system of harmonies. As a concrete existence, it is a Harmony. It is more truly so than Poetry, Music, Painting or Sculpture; for these “find their end in the mere enjoyment of themselves,” and that enjoyment too caused by the

harmony of special classes of qualities, whilst Oratory is a more generic art, and is composed by the union of all kinds of artistic and aesthetic elements. Then again, whilst Poetry, Music, &c., have properly to do only with our aesthetic faculties, Oratory deals with every endowment of the human nature, the intellect and will, as well as the feelings. The orator's object is to carry the *whole man* along with him.

Oratory is a harmony, and the orator is a performer. The instrument on which he plays is that wonderful "harp of a thousand strings"—the human soul. Every thought of the intellect, all the emotions and even the sensations are so many sensitive subjective chords, from which music or discord may be evoked by contact with external things. "A word fitly spoken" may give rise to strains of exquisite beauty, whose power is like enchantment, and which shall vibrate long and sweetly in the memory. The object of the orator, in order to a perfect effect, should then be, so skillfully to present truths, that by means of them he may touch every chord, cause every wire to rouse to activity, and thrill with the harmony peculiar to itself. He should sweep the whole harp, and rouse every dormant energy of the hearer. But unless discrimination be exercised, these separate notes of harmony, though perfect in themselves, may yet destroy the effect of each other, or else produce a positive discord in the concrete effect. Some chords should be but gently touched; some barely *touched in passing*; others made to sound forth loud and long. The same kind of notes should not be too long dwelt upon. The *high* notes of music may be the most beautiful and inspiring, yet we feel uncomfortable if kept upon them altogether, and long to have the wave of music bear us down again to the more natural bass. So also the mind cannot bear to be kept very long on the wing of imagination, or suspended in the loftier realms of thought and eloquence, even though that may give the highest and most exquisite species of delight; for in a little while the mind wearies with the unaccustomed effort; then the all-absorbing rapture gradually gives way to self-consciousness; and then comes anxiety as to the descent,

which will inevitably destroy the power of the speech. The mind longs to be wafted to the "terra firma" of more terrestrial and natural thought.

Now, the orator should not only know each string of this wondrous harp, and just how to reach it to make it vibrate; but he must know the whole, and just how, and where, and when, to touch the several chords, and in what proportions and combinations he must unite the individual harmonies in order to produce a complete melody or tune. But the perfect orator must do more than this. He has not one of these harps alone before him, but thousands! What an infinitude of accomplishments and power must the orator concentrate in his one person, to rouse to energetic activity every chord in every harp (each so different from the rest,) of this vast orchestra, and yet bring out the concrete melody without a note of discord! What amazing skill! "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not Omniscience only—it takes Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Omnipresence, *all*, to make a *perfect* orator! He that calls me a *perfect* orator, calls me GOD!

Having shown that oratory is a harmony, it remains to show that it is more truly so than any other of the harmonic arts, in that it comprises them all.

I. As to its Modal part, i. e., the *formal delivery* both by *voice* and *manner*, it makes use of the harmonic principles, in the first instance, of music, and in the second, of painting and sculpture. (1.) The voice of an orator should be cultivated and exercise all the modifications and modulations of sound, and that too for "the expression of thought and feeling by a sensuous form," which is the sole aim of every art. (2.) The true element of Painting is not *color*, but *form*, *proportion*. Mere color may please the lower animal *sensations*, but it is form that delights the higher feelings and emotions, the true and pure aesthetic faculties. The chief aim, then, of Painting and Sculpture as fine arts is the same—to express thought and feeling by means of form. Now an Orator in his attitude, gestures, and change of countenance, merely considered as *forms*,

expresses thought and feeling with even much more ease, variety, and natural grace, than the Painter or Sculptor. But our theory holds good even in the lower element of painting—*color*; for the suitableness of the decoration of the orator's person, even as regards the colors of his clothes, may have great influence on the effectiveness of his oration.

II. As to the Material part, oratory combines the harmonic elements of Science and of Poetry. (1.) Of Science as that which furnishes the orator's Inventions, supplying the great one idea which should pervade the whole oration, as well as the minor ideas collated for its development. The Invention is the most important element, all others are but collateral assistants to the grand effect. The power must lie in the Idea which the orator tries to infuse into his auditory. (2.) Of Poetry, as that which furnishes the harmonies of Style, its metaphors, similes, and other figures of speech, as well as the forms of language.

I.

HUMOUR, ETHICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE limits of all definition and argument are irrevocably fixed by the character of the mind addressed. Truth is constant; our perception of it various. Left unaided from without the mind vacillates doubtfully; and by a necessity we set up for ourselves standards—we recognize tests, and we grow into an instinctive observance of them. We shape our judgments as far as may be by the tests we recognize, and the mind and character become imbued with principles apprehended and received. Thus in questions of morals we recognize the Good and True; and our better perception depends upon the moral condition of ourselves. Emotion becomes individual and “the complex intellectual act,” when “moral qualities are subjects of con-

temptation" is a reflection of the within and without. Destroy either the truth itself, or its proper medium and you negative its influence. In the necessity for standards we recognize our own weakness and inconsistency; and we cling in our helplessness to principles with a tenacity, which seems to render them parts of, as they are apprehensions and become regulations of our being. All that is absolute to us is Truth; and we seek it in moral questions by simple and instructive tests.—What is most essential to success resides within us—is subjective and individual. Thus then in seeking to account for natural emotions, we have to regard not merely that which excites, but the thing excited. In judging of Humour by its effects—the emotions which it produces, we must apply the tests as well to the subject as the object.

In accordance with these principles we propose to consider Humour in its Ethical relations, as true only when consistent with good morals, to account for and estimate its influence, and establish for it a true character and office.

"It is indeed much easier," said Addison, "to describe Humour by what is not Humour than by what it is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than by negatives." Assuming this method we subject it to but a single process, and separate true Humour from all that is offensive to good morals.

In studying the absolute we must have regard to the natural. Here purity resides. A principle good in itself, distorted may be made through unnatural means to become the germ of an abundant evil. In studying Humour ethically, to seek the true we must seek the spring whence it flows. We must ask ourselves as an element in life, can there be any exception to the universal rule of good ends? And in accounting for effects, which seem foreign to the natural order, when such effects pertain to ourselves, we are led to observe our own imperfection and uncertainty. The sphere of natural causes is bounded by their results; and the line of good never varies. If we recognize from a false and unnatural humour effects like those experienced from the true and natural, we must refer them to their only

source, to the false and unnatural. True humour is a natural and peculiar element in humanity, but humanity laughing or crying is emotional to an extent and degree proportioned both to the kind of humanity and the nature of the cause—

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it."

And a perverted taste, a dead morality, laughs over and creates what shocks the finer mind and character. We *must* regard here as elsewhere, the intimate relation of the Good and True. There are legitimate aims in every art; and the true and enduring object is to refine and elevate humanity. There is thus no surer test than the object sought. Embodied Humour is Art, and in its purity,—if legitimate, must aim at something beyond the mere gratification of sense and cannot, certainly, tend to deprave and excite vicious emotion. We greatly err in supposing there can be anything in true Humour offensive to morals and good character. The medium of false humour is a false morality. The true is productive of wholesome effect.—All that is absolute, therefore, of humour, all that is true and constant, is natural and pure. There is humour in the laughing innocence of childhood; there is none in the spleen and misanthropy of a Timon.

What, then, is the true province of the Humourist? A writer named one, thus answers:—"The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness, your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his ability he comments upon all the ordinary transactions and passions of life."

We are not disposed to magnify the humorous beyond its absolute importance. An excessive tendency to the ideal creates speculators, and builds up airy schemes of unreal philosophy pernicious in its influence. An undue importance given in literature to the humorous and amusing is a sign of decay, and is inimical to the highest development. A devotion to this in individuals inclines them to buffoonery and folly. The

raillery and grimaces of a merry-andrew—the cap and bells of a jesting Grimaldi, the official burlesque of a Harlequin are alike ephemeral and profitless ; and we are far from regarding them as having aught to do with the true purpose of the humourist. Yet even these, inconsistent as they are with morals and good taste, have a hold upon the minds of men ; and breathe the contagion of the play-house. And it is because we live in an age of humour true and false that renders this a serious and important subject. We are essentially a humorous people, if we err in the appreciation of true humour, we may err not merely in taste, but in a moral sense, and a vindication of it becomes in this light of value and importance. Humour true or false is essentially real, its field is actual life—its scope the everyday and familiar. The humour of a people is a certain index to their moral character, and the bent and tendency of the national mind. The humourists of our age and tongue, have in the main, the hearty, wholesome character of the great manly people to which they belong. French Wit is proverbial. They have no such word as Humour. It is *d'esprit*, *fantaisie* ; and the humourist *fantasque*, *plaisant*. It is not surprising. That people whose philosophy is art, whose love is passion, whose religion is mummary and show, whose world is society, and whose modern moralist is Michelet, can have but little use for such a word, which in our vocabulary means so much and contains the philosophy of common life. The *d'esprit* of a hollow, heartless, artificial people is not our humour, any more than the humour of to-day is that of a hundred years ago. The progress and expansion of our race, the better prevalence of a healthy moral sentiment, is seen in this difference. Our most prized and popular humourists are no longer the low and loose comedy writers of Queen Anne's time, and the succeeding period down to the reign of George IV. For this we have reason to be proud. But the evil still remains, though in lesser and more impalpable forms. Within our own age the dreary blasphemies and sacrilege of the Ingoldsby Legends, the false libertinism of Don Juan, the coarse malignity of Swift, the

indelicate hypocrisy of Sterne, the disgusting impurities of Rabelais, and worse than all the easy-virtue French comedies and operas, and even lower and more shockingly and openly licentious works are published, read, laughed at and encouraged. The discredit belongs to individuals not to humour. The stigma attaches to those who hear and laugh and encourage.

Humour, though essentially ephemeral, has yet the glancing of sunlight within it—the play of evanescent smile. There are depths of woe and heights of passion—there are things sacred and inviolable far beyond its reach. But so nearly do the joys and sorrows of life trench one upon the other—so easy is the transition from the smile of gladness to the tear of woe in the woven and complicated web of human life, that the humourist strays insensibly from one to the other. A distinguished critical writer asks :—“Is it not now a common-place in our philosophy, that humour in its highest kind has its origin beside the very fountain of tears, in that sense of things invisible, that perpetual reference of the evanescent present, to the everlasting and inconceivable, which is one invariable constituent of what we call genius?”

The method of the humourist is *contrast*. In this reflex of life the true humourist heightens the effect of serious teaching by bringing so nearly together pleasantry and mirth with sorrow and sadness—the smile and the tear. And with a “gentleness and delicacy more akin to pathos” rendering the moral he desires. The “week-day preacher” pictures for us week-day life. He renders us a text from the great book of human nature, from actual life; and if there be nothing wholesome in his teaching—if there be nothing of charity and kindness, if out of such abundance he reads us no lesson of gentleness and love—no moral, then is he false to his kind, then is his humour heresy.

We know of no one, who seems to realize the true province of the humourist in this light, more vividly and fully than Hogarth. Chas. Lamb, in writing of him, says: “The misemployed, incongruous characters of the Harlot’s Funeral on

superficial inspection provoke to laughter; but when the first emotion is sacrificed to levity a very different frame of mind succeeds, *or the painter has lost half his purpose.*" It is this 'purpose' which constitutes the true humourist and distinguishes the buffoon and the cynic from the generous and kindly moralist. Laughter and mirth are in him subordinate. Delight is not his sole aim. There is a far more serious purpose to be realized. We bathe in the mirthful beauties of the Mid-summer Night's Dream, and we learn a lesson of purity. We smile at the innocence and artlessness of Miranda. We learn to love that innocence. We sit beside Elia at the Quaker meeting. It is a humorous picture, but how gently there steals over us a feeling of reverence and awe in the presence of the pure and upright. We laugh outright at the grotesque and meagre little 'Trotty Veck' and his queer imaginings. The story is a sermon of charity. In that pure picture of love and innocence, 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' simple Tilly Slowboy excites our merriment with her strange antics. The next moment we are ready to shed a tear over the sorrowful loneliness of the blind Bertha. The whole makes active our sympathies, and gives us an insight into the beauty and holiness of domestic love. We wander with the Realist into society and high places. We go to Baden, and into the world of everyday sin and intrigue—the sins of society, and we learn to hate and scorn the lies and follies of that society. We surfeit of vanity and worldliness, and we return gratefully to the simple and home-like virtues of a purer, manlier life. And after years of wandering in this wise, here and there, the contrast ever uppermost in our minds—now in the company of the heartless and designing, and again with the honest and sincere, we have learned a whole life-time of wisdom and truth—to prize only the honest, the natural and the real, not the show of things and pomps and vanities and wickedness. And so we might linger on with many of them—all good men and true—with Addison in his walks and meditations, pure and serene; with Hood gentle and tender, with Scott, and Burns, and Defoe, all simple and sincere, and with more

as worthy and as true, and we should find the true humourist the moralist and the lover of his kind, the teacher, the philanthropist, not the scoffer and blasphemer, not the ribald traducer of virtue and religion, not the sneer and cynic, not the coarse offender against propriety and purity, not the empty buffoon, not the lascivious encourager of lust whitewashing the sepulchre of falsehood, unseemliness and sin. These latter are not humourists. They have none of his spirit. Let them stand off. Let them go their ways. They are none of this company.

All that is absolute of humour is honest and of good report. All that is true to it has something good for all. All that is false is of the false and for the false alone. It is natural in its purity. It has some good end to serve, else there is one thing meaningless in nature.

A GARRULOUS friend, who's a bit of a wag,
And I had a conversation ;
And we fell to talking of matters and things,
Concerning the state of the nation.
And talking of matters and things of State,
I will state what the state of his hear. is,
For I found him very well posted up,
In our politics and parties.

Says he, " I hate the rant and the cant,
And the blow about secession ;
And I'm glad that Congress has busted up,
And closed its useless session—
For the people, the public, must settle this row—
The public must and the public can ;—
" Sir! sir!" said I, " You're not a black,
A black Republican?"

" No, no!" said he, " nor a Democrat ;
And I didn't vote for Fusion ;
And I hope you will never insult me again,
By any such allusion.
For shunning all parties and kinds of creed,
Thus mingled in base communion,
I'm in for the gallant old stars and stripes ;
And voted for the Union!"

" Big thing!" said I ; " on ice!" said he—
And then burst forth in passion—
" There isn't a man in all the land,
But I'd like to lay the lash on,
For, eager and greedy, for plunder and power,
And worshipping only the winners—
They have given the government over at last,
To Re—publicans and sinners!"

So we whiled away the hours of night,
 In talking, and laughing, and smoking;
 And I found him in fact a gallant old boy,
 And a jolly good hand at joking.
 And when he arose to bid me good night,
 I couldn't resist the temptation
 To pledge him a health in a goblet of beer,
 And we drank to our country's salvation.

Editor's Table.

THEY tell a singular story of Harlequin, the famous French jester, you remember—how he went to a Doctor to get cured of his melancholy, *incog.*, and how the *Æsculapian* prescribed an evening at one of his own entertainments. *Mutato nomine*, (for we have stolen the application) there are cares and perplexities under the mask; and Joseph Grimaldi was known, like his confrere, to have been a serious man. You will find a text in the fable; and, by your leave, we commend it.——Good gentlemen and friends, your hand—*macti virtute!* We are all back again—stragglers and regulars. The winter solstice and the Holy-days are gone with the memories thereof. Our greeting is late, but it shall have unusual tenderness.——Good brother Senior, the seventh season of the half-yearly respite, has, no doubt, past becomingly with you. Thou hast smoked the cigar like a man of Humanities, and snuffed the incense of the outer world—paid thy devoirs, modestly and calmly to the Madam Grundy, pleased perhaps, as far as it went—done, in fine, thy last vacation, and come back to durance vile, not an altered nor an humbled man. Well, there may be many wise saws about the thing; and we presume there's more to come and more to do. What's the difference? Our life is chrysalis; and the last door, but one, has opened and closed behind us. The old Mantuan, whose works we read indefinitely when we studied the dead tongue in our childhood, no doubt, said a good thing in the trite—*olim meminisse juvabit*; and yet we dream there is a pleasant country at the outer door, and Life, and Struggle, and Rewards, and Victory—*Io triumphe!* But pilgrims tell us, it is a weary journey over the sands. True, there is a sad homily in the Lat'n phrase; and we doubt not that Blank 'of ours,' who is a tender hearted fellow, may choke inwardly a little, and there'll be something of a tremble in the pressure of his hand, at the last shake round—when the last word is spoken, ere he goes home and from us——an EDUCATED MAN! Let us not regard these differences. Let us not grow maudlin—let us rather say *da capo*.——Gentlemen Juniors, men of the undetached sympathies, your health—our greeting, the greeting of the New Year. You like the hey-day, and it's a big thing to be a Junior—a Triton among the minnows: The vanity in natural and well founded. We had the pleasure of calling you Freshmen once, in the loud and prurient Sophomore year. We don't feel pleasure in such things now. If your walk and conversation was a little on the grand, gloomy and peculiar order in the vacation, there was doubtless reason in it all. We have long since cried

quits, you know, and bearing no malice, we wish you well. We would say to you :— "Be virtuous and you will be happy." May the mantle of Sixty-One fall gracefully and becomingly on you!—Friends of the Mag.—our friends of Sixty-Three, your hand—our assurance. Do you subscribe? If not, let us advise. When we are gone may be, you'll say, you ne'er have looked upon our like again. Subscribe. Every dog has his day, you know, swallow our genuflexions, and be tender of our memory, when we have passed away. We wish you joy at the prospect before you. We hope you had a pleasant vacation, and we wish you many returns.—And now, dear Sixty-Four (fondly) a benison and a greeting. Young friends, we remember when we were a Freshman—a bantling in the pin feathers. Wasn't you a little anxious about your grade? Didn't you make some rather confused explanations about it, when it came to the Head of the house? How was it? Wasn't you a trifle disappointed, perhaps? You had the nicest kind of a vacation, no doubt. They trotted you out a little, when occasion required.—"My son, sir, he's at Princeton College. Neddy, how many students have you now? Is Professor Big-wig, &c., &c." And now you've come back again filled with good intentions. Such is life (here); and we will wager the 'amber,' you've got. 'labor omnia vincit' written over your name, in the front part of your Latin Dictionary. To you, as to the rest, one and all, our word of salutation—the compliments of Sixty-One—Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age! There are fixed analogies in the four periods of College and the outer life. Would that the likeness were stronger—that we should realize only the same measure of their joys and sorrow! But, *facile descensus*, the chronicle stands thus :—The following gentlemen have been chosen to represent their respective Halls upon the Junior Orator stage in June.

CLIO HALL:

E. F. NEUFVILLE, Ga.
ALEXANDER MARKS, JR., La.
WILLIAM H. KING, Tex.
JOHN C. COCHRAN, N. J.,

WHIGH HALL:

A. PORTER MORSE, La.
CHARLES COFFIN, Tenn.
CHARLES W. NASSAU, JR., N. J.
WILLIAM D. BIGLER, Penn.

Item: We have to chronicle the death of 'Old Noah,' college servant, (we never knew him by any other name—*stat nominis umbra*), which occurred in the latter part of the vacation. He was a good, and faithful servant, and universally liked. The March Editor promises to do justice to his memory.

What a fine traditional flavor there is about the idea of Plato and the groves of the Academy! We believe almost every one conjured up some dream of shades and meditation before he came to College. Aganippe! How is it the poetry wears off? Here is an Editor over a vapid editorial. There is a lazy man just under him smoking a pipe—(He didn't smoke before he came to College.) Over in A's room you will find four or five loafers who will drivel away three hours talking over pretty much what somebody has talked over a hundred times before—the College gossip and the grades perhaps. There is a man asleep on the lounge in No. 10; and in 12 you will find somebody reading a Waverly novel. By and by, the man with the pipe shakes out the ashes, turns down the coverlid and goes to bed, the loafers depart, No. 10 retires, and 12 turns in. Has the romance faded? This is the life of a class; but there are others as well. If you watch the lights go out in front of one of the big Colleges, you will find some linger a little. If you happen in one of the rooms where the lights are, maybe you will find a man polling! He is a steady fellow without much animal spirits, and the 'smart' fellows who don't study much, speak of him sneeringly sometimes. You will find him rowling at the next recitation; and we presume there must be something very pleasant about that, and probably considerable gratification in the fact of duty performed and knowledge acquired. Don't you suppose he has

sensations of an agreeable nature? We believe *he* has kept alive some of the old fancies, and we look upon him as one filled with the joys that good men feel. *Virescat!* The romance has not faded. What do you suppose the Ancients meant by the Love of Learning?—How is it, that two or three years will gauge a man so entirely in everybody's estimation? College gossip is wonderfully electric; and personal traditions remain long. Many a fine fellow finds his level in the course of a two years' connection. Many a full blown reputation is quite exhausted with the leakages of a few months. The demigogue Freshman loses retainers in the Sophomore year, and so on, until the Individual begins to bud in the Senior. The mythic wonder of years past has grown less and less, *in dies*. When B., who was beaten in the Hall, came on and made that flickering effulgence of a speech, he was a made man in College, and dead sure of an election. Alas, even his glory has departed. In short, there are few constant quantities in College, and they are our SCHOLARS. We know a fellow who was thought to have a bookish turn, and it was said of him—he don't study much, but he is one of the best read men in College. You would find him very frequently about the book stores, and no doubt he was proud of being thought a Literary Character. Few persons knew it, but that man wrote for the Prize, and some chap who takes up in the small numbers carried it off without having cut recitation once! The L. C. sacrificed his attendance grade considerably in the move, and was very nervous for ten days. He didn't get it, but you should have heard him giving opinions on the successful performance. The Literary Character and the 'Smart Fellow' are wills o' the wisp, depend upon it. Let us acknowledge our betters. Let us give up and come down. We are of the commune vulgus, as far as College is concerned, and our scholars are the best men. *Palmarum qui merent ferat*. Have we gone out of our way to prove a common-place and a truism, or to quote stale Latin? Possibly, good sir. We own to being vapid.—That count is a true one.

We believe Dr. Holmes has written a pretty thing about the articles of furniture in a room. He has called them companions; and you remember there is a beautiful story about a flower that bloomed in a prison. Is there no analogy? Who of us will take the last, long look in at his room, standing in the doorway, and leave it never to return, without a sigh? There are the pictures, the table, the familiar chairs, the lounge, the book case, the torn carpet, and the old coal stove. Those pictures and the old room will be in our mind's eye for many a day, when that time comes—after we have stood in the doorway, with the last look in. The memory of wasted hours around the old stove in company with one's own peculiar crowd, will come to us anon. What seasons of listless nothingness have we spent ember-gazing there! How many a tale of confidence and grief have we poured into the listening ear of Chum, out of that old chair and looking into the old stove! This is an old song, and we are singing it. So are the seasons old; so is every man's life, but the Poets will sing the first for ever; and we feel in the main to-day, what somebody felt, perhaps, a thousand years ago.—By the way, have you a chum—or do you happen to live alone? What is a chum? A fellow who rooms with you, to whom you tell all your secrets, and who tells you his; into whose Autograph Book you will put five pages of eternal protestation, and forget in as many months. We have always looked upon the institution of a Chum, as a notable instance in favor of the social element in humanity in general, and of the force of circumstances in particular. Of a truth, how Nomadic are our friendships! Who was it, who sung, "My mind to me a kingdom is?" He must have been a solitary chap; but perhaps he was right in a measure.—We have spoken of friends, animate and inanimate; let us not forget one. Most of us have made the acquaintance here. Than this there is none more

constant, none whose company in all our moods is more acceptable. It is the old story again; but how shall we apostrophize the oozing glories of our student pipe? How compass the genial after-calm of the cigar of life? Are we serious, thoughtful? The Pipe. Are we glad, indifferent? Again the Pipe. Where is an opiate like this? Every fellow who has ever been in love has dreamed out his letters, and sighed forth his gentle meditations in the white and violet vapor. Ambition loves the weed. Distress too, loves it. Sweet refuge! Sweet restorer! We cannot but think our benison is harmless.

We had occasion, a few evenings since, to go about in company with our associates to find subscribers to the Mag., and gather up the funds. We met with a poor success. Gentlemen, kindly—humbly, the Magazine can't flourish without funds. The plea is an old one. You will find it in the country newspapers and effete publications; but the circumstances are peculiar to the case. Our Mag. is the oldest publication of the kind, we believe, in the country. A Magazine is a College feature.—We have done the best we could. Be kind enough to attend to the matter of your subscriptions, and save the Editors the unseemly task of begging at your doors.—This is our word to the wise. We don't like this sort of business; and we trust our worthy class Treasurer may hear from you, and the first 'fat.'—We have a number of Exchanges on our table. It is a pleasant thing to look them over—a pleasant thing to reflect upon. Every College has its Mag.; and every College its Editors and Magazinites. What an air of consequence these fellows with a knack at writing carry with them! Here a smack of sentiment—there a dab at Metaphysics and the heavy tragedy—now a little awkward humour, and again a staid Ethical study, or a dull-sounding, long-winded five act of the drawing mons—laborat—et—nascitur—ridiculus—mus order. There is a singular sameness about most of them; and the long-haired, interesting privileged character, the young paragon known in the remote districts [like, the Man of Education], and seen afterwards at the country schools—the pride, the pain of the doting, but too expectant parent—the necessarily brave, polite gentleman of letters, the Student and the Scholar, [under the head of popular delusions,]—this estimable person is there all over in full feather. What complexions the Mags. take from the Theology of the College, 'et Pili Professores!' There is a prevailing mode every where, but the ineffable College Student stands out. How should it be otherwise? Why should we not have our day? The conceit is harmless, and will settle soon enough. It may be rather pleasant some time to find we have grown wiser, when the 'dunce at syntax and the dab at tau' may find the world is not an oyster—that there are more things in Heaven and Earth, than of which his philosophy took cognizance.—Allons! gentlemen of the College Press.—The ostrich may some day get his head out of the sand, and the bird is an innocent and an honest one.

This miserable bobbery outside is beginning to affect us. Some of the fellows have already gone, and some we hear are going in April. It's too bad. We have got to leave each other soon enough any way. Could we all part as usual without the apprehensions which now seem to hang over us, it would be a sorry thing even then; but to think—pahaw! we won't think. Our blessings attend those who have gone; our blessings to those who are going! Fellows, these sundered ties, will breathe sweet memories. May each and all of you go forth bravely and manfully to the long life-struggle, that awaits you. May your good hearts prompt you to good deeds; and what your hands find to do, may it be done honestly and well! We bid you all fervently God speed! and we give you once again our blessing.

Gentlemen all, we look towards you! (You remember the quaint salutation?) We have angled for the 'one-eyed perch'—we have tried the thing to our hearts con-